

ROMANCE OF A GLOVE.

I have seen many fellows "doing their spoons," but Bill Harker against the world—"bar none"—for going the extreme pace.

It would have mattered little if Bill could have kept his courtship to himself; he might have worshipped in secret all his days, and no one have been any the wiser.

But the extravagant rush into polish betrayed the poor clerk. The dyed hair and abstracted air combined; his deep blushes whenever the subject of love was mentioned, however casually; the romantic air that sat so ill upon him; his visits to the theaters, in hopes of a chance glimpse of his idol; the hours he moaned about listlessly—all helped to make him a target for the jokes of his friends, and a fund of amusement for the "office."

Meanwhile he was not at all unhappy. Ah, the joy of standing by the arched railings of an evening, when she had vanished from his enraptured sight, and he knew her to be in the drawing-room—could see, at rare intervals, her shadow flit across the blind!

The irascible landlady frightened Mr. Harker out of his seven senses nearly by sending a grim servant one evening to ask him to be kind enough to just step in, if he would be so kind, and just speak to the lady of the house.

In no condition to face the fiery-looking female he caught a glimpse of, standing ready, in full battle array, on the door-mat in the hall; the startled lover no sooner heard the message than he bolted, as if he had pursued the boarding-house plate. It would be, he argued, impossible to return after such an inglorious escape, except in disguise; and to call and boldly ask to see a lady whose name he could not give was an achievement the timid clerk could not venture on.

What a stupid fellow Pipkins, one of the other clerks at Old B.'s, was! At least Bill thought so, and how he disliked him! "The enormous impudence of that fellow," he would murmur to himself, "if I could give a quarter's salary, poor as I am, to be like him. There is nothing he would stick at. It is disgusting. But what a blessing it must be to live on such comfortable terms with oneself."

Pipkins was very slovenly; no one would have tolerated a clerk with such a shock head of hair except Old B.

But just as Bill Harker had begun to persuade himself that his love suit was in vain, and that his best plan was to try and forget a passion that appeared so hopeless, this heavy Pipkins was suddenly seized with the fever he was recovering from.

There was no mistaking the symptoms. Other motives might have induced Pipkins to have had his hair cut; but only love could have induced him to curl it. Those paper cuffs, clean even on a Saturday, were conclusive. If not, that reckless disregard of office hours in the morning, that restless looking at the clock in the evening, could not be mistaken.

Flowers, too! When did Pipkins care for flowers before?—while now the street Arabs watched for his coming.

Harker noted him narrowly. Would this cab be successful in the thorny, maze paths of love?

He half despised himself for ever loving, if so vulgar a creature as this Pipkins could be smitten or could smite.

Then, when 7 o'clock struck, or rather was striking, Pipkins caught up his flowers from the bottle on his desk, set his glossy hat jauntily on his detestable head and bade his fellow-clerk good-night. Bill Harker followed him almost the moment he went out, and, as he felt instinctively would be the case, Pipkins made straight for Leicester Square and went straight into the boarding-house Harker had so often watched. But—and this staggered him—Pipkins went down the area steps just as the potman might have done with beer, not at all like a gentlemanly suitor for the hand of the nameless one.

What could be the meaning of this? Was it a clandestine meeting? Scarcely so; for he had gone in with the assurance of a frequent or of an expected guest.

Poor Harker paced the street in agony. What could he do?

To think of having his loved one snatched off in this atrocious manner galled him to the quick.

Wandering distractedly about, Bill Harker unfortunately did not see his rival leave the boarding-house, or he might probably have relieved his feelings by putting Pipkins' head in "Chancery." As it was, he waited and watched till he was weary, as well as drenched to the skin by the rain, which had been falling for some time. Then he raised the siege and wearily trailed off to Camden Town, reaching the lodgings a little before daybreak.

"Is this yours?" said old B. next day, as he carefully picked up a lady's glove and threw it on Bill Harker's desk.

Had he dropped a bombshell over the old-fashioned railings it would scarcely have disconcerted the clerk more than this simple article did. He quietly answered his employer in the negative, but the color mounted to his pale cheeks and a wild light irradiated his glaring eyes.

"Mr. Pipkins, perhaps, has dropped it," he said, with more bitterness and meaning than so simple a suggestion appeared to call for.

Strange to say, Pipkins blushed too as he repudiated all knowledge of it.

"Lark!" thought and nearly said Bill Harker as he heard him speak.

Old B. toddled off to his specifications, and the glove was left lying unheeded, apparently, on Harker's desk, while he wrote on furiously.

Not till he was left alone in the office, nearly two hours after, did he touch the glove; but then he pressed it to his burning lips, he noted its dainty size, unused as he had once been to remark such matters—and observed that, though now redolent of tobacco, it had been scented.

But, with a joy only to be appreciated by a lover, there in this glove, flung as it were in his path by a secret rival, seemed to be the very clue he had been vainly seeking. The name was written in it, or a name. Whose should it be but hers—Foussé! That, coupled with the half legible F on the blotting-pad, he accepted as conclusive, poor fellow, little dreaming in how many other gloves he could have found the same name. So now then he could write to her. And write he did, that same evening, at Camden Town, a manly though passionate letter, detailing his love, his trials, his hopes, and last, if not so fully, his position.

This, duly addressed to "Miss Foussé," he posted, and waited with what fortitude he could muster for an answer.

Harker groaned. So near his object, yet so strangely baffled.

Oh, the agony of that week of suspense! A whole week gone—lost! And that horrid Pipkins so jubilant, day by day growing so luxurious in his habits, living on the fat of the land; if his luncheons were a fair sample; talking so vulgar about letting out his waistcoat—triumphing in such coarse fashion over him perpetually!

Bah! he would hear it no longer. He felt it was maddening him. He would fly from the neighborhood before he was tempted to do something desperate.

Bill Harker took a commission on the road. He visited the west of England. It was three months or more before he ventured to set his foot in London again.

The first time he did so he encountered Pipkins, by accident, in Grove road, Stockwell.

The rivals started. Their meeting was like the traditional one of the strange cats in the garret.

Pipkins' brass, for once, stood him in good stead. He was the first to speak. He held out his hand cordially.

"How are you, old fellow?" he said frankly, as if nothing was the matter. "Whoever would have thought of seeing you in this part of the world?"

Harker did not strike him, did not repel his friendly advances. In truth, time had smoothed off the raw edges of his wound. And then Pipkins looked so happy he didn't have the heart to distress him.

They adjourned to the nearest bar, and, in the course of a series of "refreshments," Pipkins told of his intended marriage, which was to take place the next week at St. Giles' church, Camberwell.

It grated on Harker's feeling to notice that Pipkins in some sort looked upon the union as a sacrifice.

"There are property considerations," he said several times in a half maudlin sort of way—"property considerations, my boy; and folks can't afford to lose sight of those in hard times like these."

"Mercenary wretch!" How Harker despised him, even while he fraternized with him! What a strange power the fellow always had over him—he could neither understand nor escape from it. He found it hard to realize, after Pipkins had left him, that he had actually promised to be his "best man" at the wedding. But it was so; there was the entry in his own order book—in an unsteady hand—that Pipkins had insisted on his writing at the bar. He had not the courage to decline it, and, as he had promised, honor and curiosity both prompted him to see the drama to the end.

As the two ex-clerks stood waiting for the bride's arrival on the auspicious morning one might have heard Harker's heart throb; it beat like a drum with intense excitement.

But astonishment overpowered every other feeling when, as he glided entered the church, a perfect mountain of flesh, he recognized in her the dragon-like, fiery-faced boarding-house proprietress, and knew that it was she Pipkins had chosen for "property considerations."

Confused as he felt, Harker could understand that in her case, weighty as she was, something in the shape of bonus would be acceptable.

He had little time to think of all this, however, for the first bridesmaid, he found to his great joy, was the nameless one!

Her white-gloved little hand rested on his trembling arm as they walked down the aisle after the ceremony, in the wake of Mr. and Mrs. Pipkins; and before they reached the hotel where breakfast was laid, he discovered, among other things, that his fair companion's name was not Foussé, but Castleton.

Harker still calls his model of a wife Foussé; but the glove he had tested did not fit her. Old B., who had picked it up, might first have dropped it. One thing is certain—he astonished everyone by marrying, before the year was out, a mere child; and her hand, as it rested in his on the wedding day, looked small enough to have been his daughter's.

Why Vassar Girls Don't Marry.

Motherhood is beautiful, and a babe in the house is a wellspring of joy. But this towards the mind. At each advent the mother's mind goes back to begin anew with the infant's. She loses articulate speech and jabbars a gibberish, to begin with its inarticulate language. What an intellectual tumble for a Vassar graduate!

A young one in the family gathers to its inabilities the mind of all the company, and the visitors go away with a sense of sinking to intellectual vacuity. All this is lovely and does well enough for the present domestic state of woman; but it is not for the emancipated, elevated, intellectual woman that is to come. She is not to serve as a domestic wellspring of joy, but as an intellectual terror.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Circumnavigation of the Globe.

The boat in which Richard Chandler is to start from Boston to circumnavigate the globe will be 12 feet long at the bottom, with about 14 feet gunwale. She is to have water-tight compartments forward and aft. The only open space in her will be a cockpit in the center. In width she will be 4 feet, and in depth 30 inches, besides a large supply of food, she is to be fitted with life suits, cork pickets, life lines, a Boyton rubber suit, and everything that can comfort the voyager.—Chicago Herald.

A Plain, Simple Man.

"Gentleman," he said to the reporters, as the sheriff put the knot where it would do the most good, "will you grant me one last request before I die?"

The reporters, to a man, said they would.

"Then write me down as having been simply 'hanged,' not 'launched into eternity.' I'm no dude."

This request caused some consternation among the younger reporters, but they all kept their word.—N. Y. Sun.

Shooting the White Cranes.

Louisiana sportsmen have hitherto been careful not to shoot the white cranes which abound in St. Landry, but now large numbers of these beautiful birds are being killed solely for their feathers, which are used on the wearing apparel of women.—New York Sun.

London's Technical School.

The new People's palace in London will probably be one of the largest technical schools in the world. The buildings are designed to accommodate nearly 20,000 students.—New York Graphic.

Railroads in Florida.

During the last four years more than 1,300 miles of railroad have been constructed in Florida.

A London bride marrying a soldier had a picturesquely clad Hindoo for her train bearer at a Kensington wedding not long ago.

New South Wales has just increased her public debt by \$27,500,000.

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THE DAILY HERALD.

To-day, September 1st, 1886, is issued the first number of THE DAILY HERALD, a morning newspaper, to be printed for the proprietor under contract by the "Press Publishing Company," Merchant street, Honolulu.

Price Six Dollars per Annum or Fifty Cents per Month.

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The DAILY HERALD will follow a straightforward, consistent, independent and moderate course in the discussion of public affairs. It will not be the servile organ of any clique, faction or party. At the same time an earnest support will be given to measures promotive of the public welfare, and to individuals or organizations that may appear in the political field, with claims to popular confidence backed by worthy records and unassailable principles.

The undersigned would, however, rather point to his record as a journalist in this city for the past two years, as conductor of the *Daily Bulletin*, than make promises that, in general estimation, are valueless until justified by performance. He can only pledge himself to do his best to produce a thorough, an influential, and in every way acceptable, daily newspaper.

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Honolulu, Sept. 1, 1886.

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Editor and Proprietor

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ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Waihee Sugar Company.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of the Waihee Sugar Company, held this day, the following persons were elected to office for the ensuing year—

President, Col. Z. S. Spaulding.
Vice-President, F. P. Hastings.
Secretary, Joseph O. Carter.
Treasurer, Wm. G. Irwin.
Auditor, Hon. James I. Dowsett.

J. O. CARTER,
Secretary Waihee Sugar Co.

Honolulu, November 8, 1886.

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Cases Corn Starch.

Cases Fairbank's Lard, 5 lb. pail,
Cases Fairbank's Lard, 10 lb. pail,
Cases Fairbank's Lard, 10 lb. pail

Cases Whitney's Butter, in tins,
Half Brins Butter, Gilt Edge,
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Cases New Cheese.

Cases Laundry Starch,
Boxes Brown Laundry Soap

Pure Java Coffee, Roasted and Ground, 1 lb. tins
Sacks Green Coffee,
Chests Japan Tea, 1 lb. papers,
Chests Japan Tea, 1/2 lb. papers

Boxes Raisins, London Layers,
K boxes Raisins, London Layers,
Boxes Raisins, Muscat

Drums Citron,
Boxes Currants,
Cases Chocolate,
Cases Mixed Pickles,
Cases Spices, assorted, all size

Sacks English Walnuts,
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